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# DAREDEVIL

## THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

## A SHOCKER...

**RIPPED FROM**  
**TODAY'S SCREAMING**  
**HEADLINES!!**





# DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™



LIKE RUSSET FLAMES  
TEARING OUT THE SOUL  
OF DAYLIGHT, THE LAST  
DYING RAYS OF THE SUN  
GLEAM GOLD AND SILVER  
ON THE BRONZE STATUE  
SET IN MEMORY OF **EL  
CONDOR**, A MARTYRED  
SOLDIER IN THE  
REVOLUTION WHICH  
SCARRED **DELVADIA**  
FORTY YEARS AGO--

**STAN LEE, EDITOR  
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER  
GENE COLAN, ARTIST  
SYD SHORES, EMBELLISHER  
SAM ROSEN, LETTERER**  
WISH TO THANK THE GOVERN-  
MENT AND ARMED FORCES  
OF **DELVADIA** FOR PER-  
MISSION TO DO THIS STORY...

**STUDY THIS SYMBOLIC  
SPLASH CLOSELY, FRIEND  
-- FOR YON STATUE HAS  
TAKEN ON A NEW SYMBOL-  
ISM TO THE HARRIED  
PEOPLE OF DELVADIA--A  
SYMBOLISM WHICH WILL  
SOON BECOME APPARENT  
-- IF YOU'LL JUST BEAR  
WITH OUR TONGUE-LOOSE  
SCRIPTER, AND MOVE TO  
THE ACTION ON THE  
NEXT PAGE--!**

**NOW RIDES THE GHOST OF  
EL CONDOR!**

552-Z



**EMBASSY!** A BUILDING, A STRUCTURE LIKE ANY OTHER-- AND YET, IT REPRESENTS SOMETHING FAR MORE THAN A STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

WITHIN ITS ECHOING HALLS AND TIGHT, UNTIDY ROOMS MEN AND WOMEN FROM THE THE FAR-OFF, NEAR LEGENDARY LAND OF AMERICA WORK TO MAKE THAT LEGEND **REAL** TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS TINY SOUTH-AMERICAN NATION

--MEN LIKE JEROME VILLIERS--

LATE.. SO MUCH FOR WELL-MEANT PROMISES! CATHY WILL BE FURIOUS...

RED TAPE. RED TAPE. SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I CONTINUE TO PLOW MY WAY THRU THIS BLASTED BUREAUCRACY.

FOR WHAT? THE GLAMOR?

FIND ME GLAMOR IN BORING SOCIAL TEAS, JEROME..

CLATTER!

EH?

MRRMF--!!

AHH, MEESTER VILLIERS, YOU DEES-APPOINT US.

SUCH A WELL-BEHAVED MAN AS YOURSEALVE--

-- IT ISN'T DEEGNIFIED TO SCREAM--!

VILLIERS-- FIRST CONSUL AT THE U.S. MISSION TO DELVADIA---

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

WHAT WITH THIS NEW SNAG--LORD, IT'S A WONDER I GET HOME AT ALL.

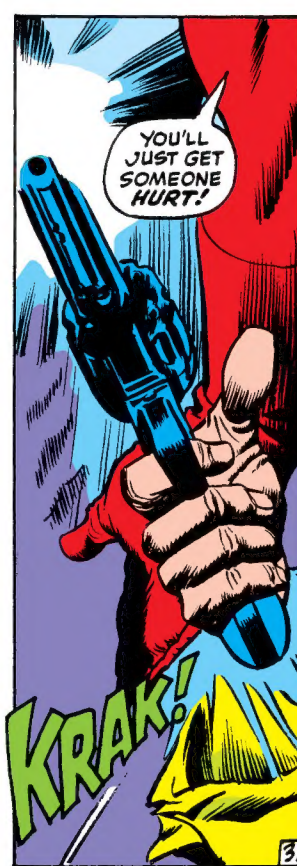
AHH, BUT TRY TELLING THAT TO A WIFE---

AN' YOU DEEPLOMATs -- YOU ARE 5000 DEEGNIFIED, SI, MEESTER VILLARS?

WOK!

UUUFF!









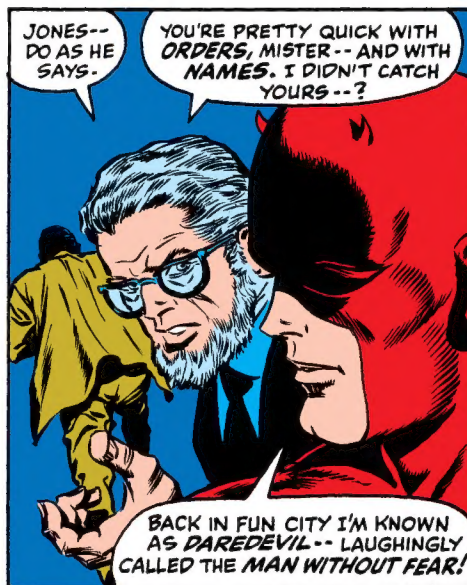




HOLD IT! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MAYBE THAT'S A QUESTION YOU CAN ANSWER, BAYARD.

BUT FIRST-- SOMEBODY BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE!



JONES-- DO AS HE SAYS.

YOU'RE PRETTY QUICK WITH ORDERS, MISTER-- AND WITH NAMES. I DIDN'T CATCH YOURS--?

BACK IN FUN CITY I'M KNOWN AS **DAREDEVIL**-- LAUGHINGLY CALLED THE **MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**



BUT THAT'S NOT THE ISSUE-- AND NEITHER IS MY REASON FOR BEING HERE. YOU CAN HELP **BOTH** OF US, BAYARD.

I'VE BEEN HEARING TALES OF A MAN NAMED **EL CONDOR**. WHO *IS* HE? HOW DOES HE FIT IN?

AS VILLIERS' TOP AIDE, YOU SHOULD KNOW IF ANYBODY AROUND HERE DOES.



**EL CONDOR**? HE'S NOTHING LESS THAN THE MOST **ROMANTIC** LATIN REVOLUTIONARY SINCE CHE GUEVARA.

TWO WEEKS AGO, HIS MEN KIDNAPPED THE **AMBASSADOR**-- VILLIERS TOOK HIS PLACE--

--AND I'LL LAY ODDS **EL CONDOR'S** BEHIND TONIGHT'S LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY, TOO.



BUT, WHAT GOOD ARE **THEORIES**? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH TIME IS LOST BECAUSE OF TALK? VILLIERS IS MY **FRIEND**--



--A **GOOD ONE**. WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR SIX YEARS-- AND NOW **THIS**. IF HE DIES--

-- WELL, MISTER-- SUFFICE TO SAY I'M NOT GOING TO SIT ON MY **THUMBS** WHILE SOME PENCIL-PUSHER SHUFFLES FILES--!

TAKE IT **EASY**, BAYARD.

HERE COMES THAT **AMBU-LANCE**.





TAKE IT EASY? LOOK AGAIN, PAREDEVIL. THAT MAN'S PART OF MY LIFE!

IN A DUSTY LITTLE HELL LIKE THIS-- A FRIEND CAN MEAN YOUR SANITY.

-- ALWAYS WAITING FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO GIVE THE ORDER.



I'VE GIVEN THE FOREIGN SERVICE EIGHT YEARS OF MY LIFE -- EIGHT GOOD YEARS.

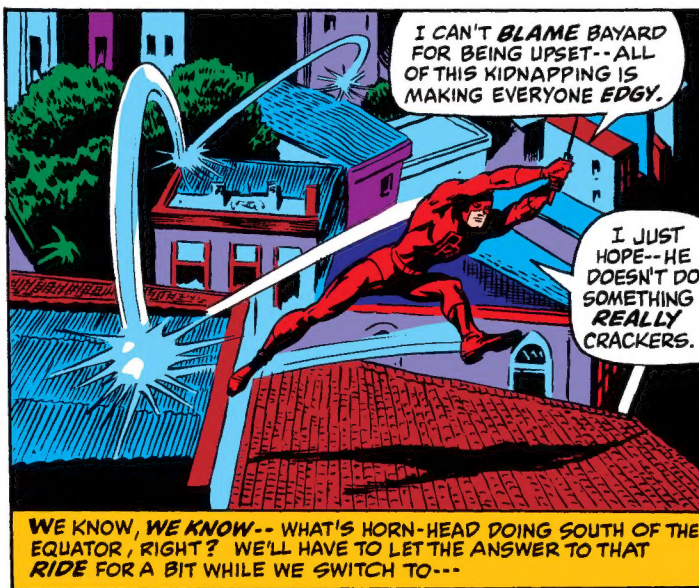
I'M THROUGH PLAYING POCKET EXECUTIVE--



I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, MASKED MAN.

I'VE THINGS TO DO!

GOOD-NIGHT, BAYARD.



I CAN'T BLAME BAYARD FOR BEING UPSET-- ALL OF THIS KIDNAPPING IS MAKING EVERYONE EDGY.

I JUST HOPE-- HE DOESN'T DO SOMETHING REALLY CRACKERS.

WE KNOW, WE KNOW-- WHAT'S HORN-HEAD DOING SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR, RIGHT? WE'LL HAVE TO LET THE ANSWER TO THAT RIDE FOR A BIT WHILE WE SWITCH TO---



-- A LONELY STRETCH OF DESERT JUST THREE MILES SOUTH OF THE CAPITAL, WHERE ---

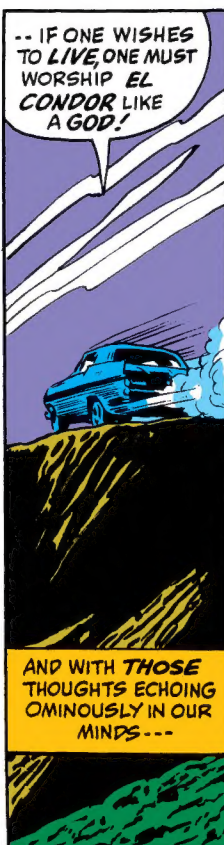
ONDALE, ONDALE!

THE GRINGO DOES NOT LOOK VERY WELL-- BEST WE SHOULD GET HIM TO CAMP, WHERE EL CONDOR'S MEDICOS CAN ATTEND TO HIM.

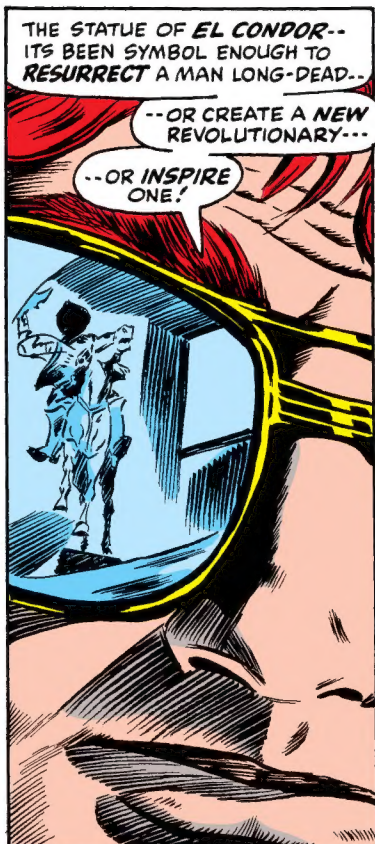
WHEN THE AMERICANS DISCOVER WHAT WE HAVE DONE, WE MAY ALL NEED THE MEDICOS.

-- AND THE PADRE AS WELL!









THE STATUE OF *EL CONDOR*--  
ITS BEEN SYMBOL ENOUGH TO  
**RESURRECT** A MAN LONG-DEAD...

--OR CREATE A **NEW**  
REVOLUTIONARY...

--OR **INSPIRE**  
ONE!



WHICH *IS* IT,  
MATTHEW? WHO  
RIDES NOW IN  
THOSE MOUNTAINS?  
AN **IMPOSTOR**...  
OR THAT STATUE'S  
**GHOST**?

THAT MAN DIED IN  
ANOTHER WAR--HAS HE  
RETURNED TO HAUNT THIS  
COUNTRY'S **NEW** ONE?



**RAIN!** LET'S HOPE IT'LL  
CLEANSE YOU OF YOUR  
MEMORIES AND YOUR  
**FEARS**, MATTHEW.  
**FAT CHANCE!**  
RIGHT?

MEMORIES  
OF LOST-LOVE  
AND A GIRL NAMED  
**KAREN PAGE** WILL  
NEVER LEAVE---  
**NEVER!**

THOSE WOUNDS  
ONLY GROW **SCABS**  
WHICH WAIT--WAIT,  
TO BE **RIPPED OFF**.



**BUT ENOUGH**  
SELF-TORMENT---

MATT? MATT,  
ARE YOU **THERE**?

**KNOCK**  
**KNOCK**

YES, FOGGY  
-- HOLD ON,  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
THERE.

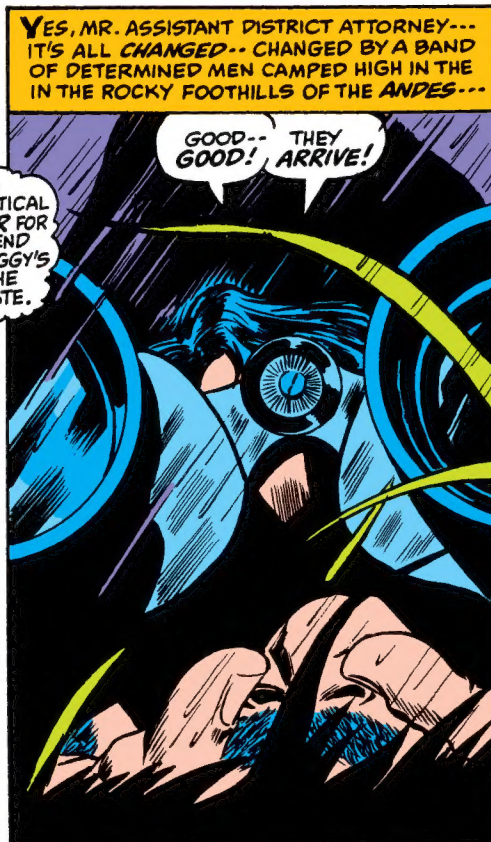


THE EMBASSY JUST  
CALLED-- IT'S HAPPEN-  
ING **AGAIN!**

SOMETHING  
ABOUT AN **AMBULANCE**  
WHICH JUST ARRIVED--

THEN THE  
OTHER ONE  
--A **FAKE**?









HOW DARE YOU  
BARGE IN HERE?

NEVER MAY  
MY THOUGHTS  
BE DISTURBED!

**BOK!**



THE RAIN ENDS--  
AND THIS LOW  
ONE BRINGS  
GOOD NEWS!

OUR FIRST  
MOVE HAS  
BROUGHT  
SUCCESS--  
NOW IT IS  
TIME FOR  
OUR  
SECOND  
STEP.



TO YOUR FEET, DOMINGO! LET  
SUCH A BLOW BE THE LAST OF  
ITS KIND.

THE REST OF YOU--  
READY YOUR MOUNTS.  
PREPARE TO MEET  
GLORY--AND WREST  
THE FRUITS OF  
VICTORY FROM  
ITS TEETH!

THIS NIGHT IS  
ONE OF DESTINY!  
WILL YOU RIDE  
WITH ME?













HEY!  
REMEMBER  
THE NAME  
OF THIS  
MAGAZINE?  
SURE ---

OKAY, MATT---  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
WALK THE REST  
OF THE WAY.  
THESE BLASTED  
STREETS---

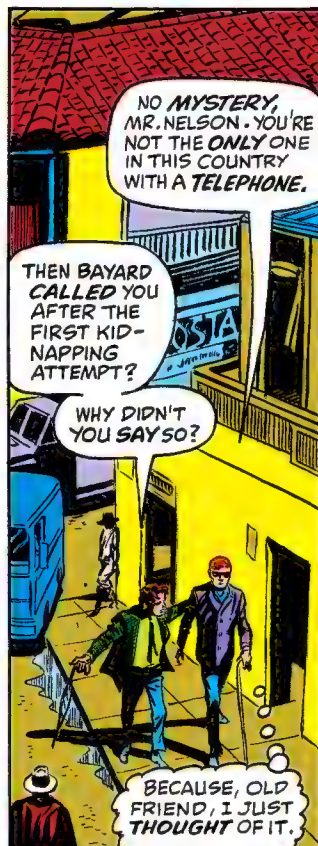
DON'T WORRY,  
FOGGY. THE EMBASSY  
WILL STILL BE THERE  
BY THE TIME WE'VE  
MADE OUR WEAVING  
WAY THROUGH  
THESE ALLEYS.



COME ON, MATTHEW.  
USE THAT LIGHTNING  
LAWYER'S MIND---

THERE'S GOT TO BE  
SOME WAY FOR YOU  
TO DROP FOGGY  
AND SWITCH TO  
DD-- BEFORE  
BAYARD BRINGS  
DOWN EL CONDOR  
ON ALL OUR  
BACKS---

MATT--  
MATT, YOU  
STILL  
HAVEN'T  
EXPLAINED---



NO MYSTERY,  
MR. NELSON. YOU'RE  
NOT THE ONLY ONE  
IN THIS COUNTRY  
WITH A TELEPHONE.

THEN BAYARD  
CALLED YOU  
AFTER THE  
FIRST KID-  
NAPPING  
ATTEMPT?

WHY DIDN'T  
YOU SAY SO?

BECAUSE, OLD  
FRIEND, I JUST  
THOUGHT OF IT.



AND SO IT GOES, EH,  
MATTHEW? LYING TO  
YOUR FRIENDS, LOSING  
YOUR ALMOST-  
FIANCEE, KAREN  
--- AND SO IT  
GOES.

IS THIS  
WHAT YOUR  
LIFE OF DO-  
GOOPING  
HAS LED  
YOU TO?

DECEPTION  
AND-- HOLD  
IT!

THAT'S AN  
ARCHWAY  
UP AHEAD--  
AND I DON'T  
NEED MY  
RADAR  
SENSES  
TO TELL  
ME--



--THAT OL' FAITHFUL  
MATTHEW HAS FOUND  
HIMSELF WHAT WE  
CALL A MEANS  
OF ESCAPE.

AND IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN WON-  
DERING JUST WHAT THINGS LOOK  
LIKE THRU MATT MURDOCK'S  
RADAR SENSES-- WONDER NO MORE.



-- AND SO IT GOES --  
DECEPTION FOLLOWS  
DECEPTION ---

-- ENDING  
IN BETRAYAL.  
I'M SORRY, MR.  
NELSON -- AND  
DOESN'T THAT  
EVER SOUND  
WEAK?

FOGGY! LOOK  
OUT-- BEHIND  
YOU--!



EACH ACT CARRIES ITS OWN WEIGHT-- WEIGHT WHICH IS UN-  
HEEDFUL OF THE JUSTIFICATION FOR THE DEED---

AS MATT HAS REALIZED,  
LIFE SOON BECOMES  
A JUGGLING OF  
THOSE WEIGHTS AND  
JUSTIFICATIONS ---



--- WITH THE FINAL BALANCE COMING  
OUT OF THE SUM TOTAL OF BENEFIT  
FOR THE WORLD, FOLLOWING A LIFETIME  
OF HIS MAKING CHOICES.

LOOK AT  
THIS MAN,  
AND TRY TO  
UNDER-  
STAND  
HIS  
SORROW--



HE CAN NEVER KNOW IF HE'S BEEN  
RIGHT IN MAKING THE CHOICES  
HE HAS ---

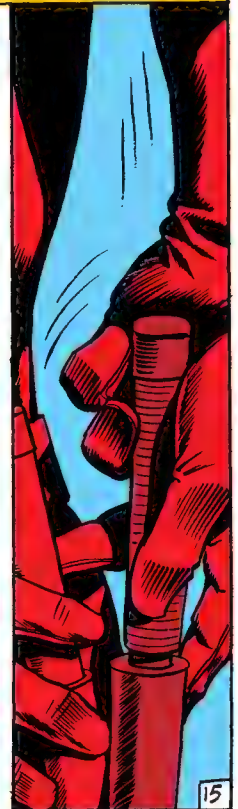
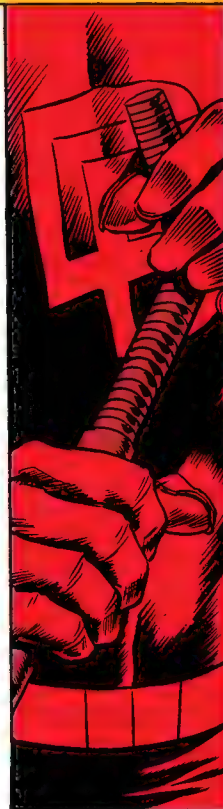
--HE CAN ONLY TRUST  
THAT HIS GOAL IS A  
JUST ONE.

AND THAT, BABY,  
IS WHAT MAKES  
HEROES OUT OF  
MEN.

IT'S ALSO  
WHAT  
MAKES  
MARTYRS.



SOME OF US KINDA THINK THAT THE TWO ARE THE SAME THING--!







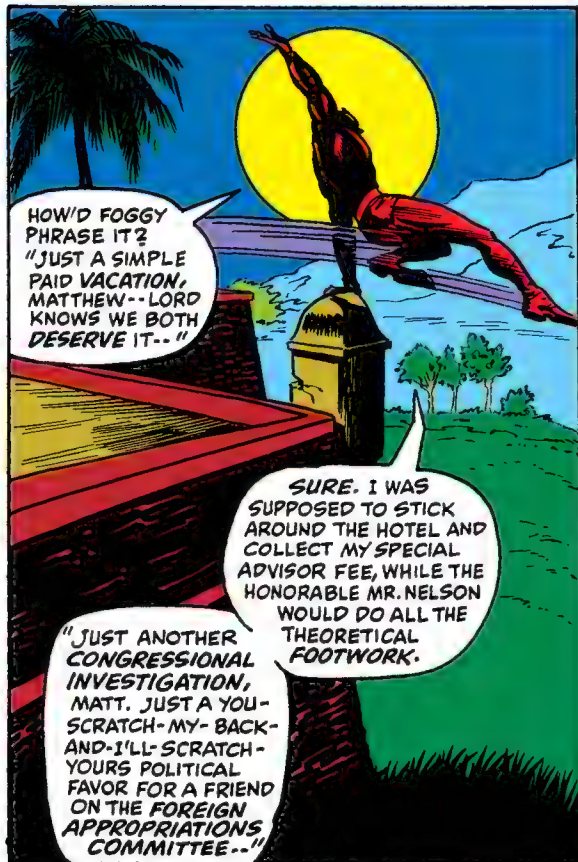
BAYARD'S PROBABLY HEADING UP INTO THE HILLS, WHERE EL CONDOR'S MADE HIS NEST-- WHICH GIVES US OUR DESTINATION, MATTHEW.

THOUGH I SYMPATHIZE WITH BAYARD'S FEELINGS ---

-- I CAN'T LET HIM GO AHEAD AND CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

AMERICA'S STATUS IS SHAKY ENOUGH IN THESE SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES WITHOUT HANDING THEM A RENE-GADE DIPLOMAT ON A PROVERBIAL PLATTER.

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM-- IF I'M NOT ALREADY TOO LATE!



HOW'D FOGGY PHRASE IT?  
"JUST A SIMPLE PAID VACATION, MATTHEW-- LORD KNOWS WE BOTH DESERVE IT--"

SURE. I WAS SUPPOSED TO STICK AROUND THE HOTEL AND COLLECT MY SPECIAL ADVISOR FEE, WHILE THE HONORABLE MR. NELSON WOULD DO ALL THE THEORETICAL FOOTWORK.

"JUST ANOTHER CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION, MATT. JUST A YOU-SCRATCH-MY-BACK-AND-I'LL-SCRATCH-YOURS POLITICAL FAVOR FOR A FRIEND ON THE FOREIGN APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE--"



SO MUCH FOR THE WELCOME-REST ROUTINE.

SEEMS THAT OLD ADAGE HAS ITS ROOTS IN VERACITY..

"--NO REST FOR THE WEARY." AND WEARY, MATTHEW OLD KID, IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU MOST DEFINITELY ARE!











